

MRS. SOUTHWORTH MR. BONNER AND THE "LEDGER."

By Savoyard in Pittsburg Dispatch.]

More than fifty years ago an excellent and gifted woman made her home in a villa on the banks of the Potomac in Georgetown. The scene was rural and romantic, made so by the beautiful river and the grove-covered and vine-clad hills of that vicinity. It was amid such surroundings that Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte Southworth wrote more than fifty novels, and made a name that is an American household word. Never was there a writer more loyal to virtue; never a healthier hatred of meanness and iniquity than that she inculcated. She never failed to reward the good, and she would not suffer the ultimate triumph of the wicked. She loved justice, and meted it out to the righteous and the depraved with even hand, and to each according to his desert.

The most charming love story in all letters is the courtship and marriage of Boaz and Ruth, the alliance between the houses of Elimelech and Moab. Though it was real, it shames the realistic school. Balzac had transcendent genius, and we must rank him above Swift, of the English school; or Hugo, of the French; or Goethe, of the German—as a man of profane letters, inferior only to Shakespeare and Cervantes; but he always leaves a bad taste in your mouth. He was eternally murdering when it would have been just as easy to save, and he dispensed volumes of misery that he could just as well have made tomes of happiness. Nobody but a madman could have written "Cousin Bette," or "Cousin Pons," but they are work of a Titanic madman. Take Sir Walter Scott's Waverley novels, and I will warrant that "Quentin Durward" has been read ten times where "St. Roman's Well" has been read once. Where is the boy who does not resent that unnecessary murder Capt. Marryat perpetrated in the death of the hero of his otherwise excellent story of "The King's Own?"

Mrs. Southworth was of the romantic school. She no more believed in the defeat of virtue than she believed in a bad breakfast, and if your appetite is poor take down one of her novels and read how she served breakfast. She will immediately stimulate your imagination and you can almost taste the coffee, the toast, the biscuits, the cakes, the chops and the chicken. Mrs. Stowe was a woman of a single book, but Mrs. Southworth was what Donn Platt said she was, the first American novelist.

December 26, 1819, was born in the District of Columbia Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte. She was educated by her stepfather, Josiah L. Henshaw, and was graduated in 1835, before she was 16, and thus must have evinced a remarkable precocity as well as the wonderful industry that characterized her maturer years. Before she was out of her teens she taught in the public schools of Washington, and even then her ever-busy pen was at work and produced her first story, "The Irish Refugee," that gave promise of a genius that later was so profitably developed. This was soon followed by her first novel, "Retribution," with the publication of which her life work began.

In 1840 Miss Nevitte became the wife of Maj. Frederick H. Southworth, of Utica, N. Y., and 12 years later she made her home in Georgetown, but a step from the banks of the beautiful stream that is to our people what the Tiber was to Rome, what the Thames is to England. Here she wrote fifty novels, sometimes as many as three a year, and here she made her name familiar to all reading America, and she so labored that tens of thousands of men and women, boys and girls, were drawn to her by the chords of her genius and the excellencies of her heart, and they were her friends.

It is impossible to write of Mrs. Southworth without a mention of Robert Bonner and the New York "Ledger." Where is the man or woman of three-score to whom these names do not bring pleasant memories? In his sphere Bonner was a genius and a public benefactor. When Sir Walter Scott met the great financial reverse that engulfed his fortune, and made him a bankrupt, an English gentleman exclaimed: "Scott broke! If every man to whom he has given hours of delight would contribute to him a shilling he will be the richest subject in Europe." And to millions Bonner gave hours of pleasure as he made his weekly visits during all the years he was the heart and the brain and the purse of the New York "Ledger." It was called "The Chambermaid's Organ," in derision, and it is true that its literature was inferior to Johnson and Goldsmith, but it was purer than Fielding and Smollet. They said it was "trash," but it was wholesome trash. It never taught an immoral lesson, and if it made boys and girls romantic, it never made a boy

a rascal, or led a girl astray. There was not a line of it that could not be read aloud in the chastest family circle. It lived its day of usefulness and when the genius that made it so successful relaxed its hold, and newer ideas were evolved out of our steam engine methods of progress, the "Ledger" died, even as the epoch of which it was an institution, 50 years ago, is dead.

Bonner was not a Yankee, but a Scotch-Irishman, a descendant of some stern Presbyterian who had held Londonderry and fought in the victorious ranks of the soldiery that triumphed at the battle of Boyne Water. When James G. Blaine was a baby and Andrew Jackson was President, Robert Bonner landed in America a poor boy; nearly three score years and ten later he died a millionaire. He had health, strength, energy, industry, judgment, persistence, honesty, frugality and sobriety. He was apprenticed to the printer's craft and became the best printer of every office in which he worked. His motto was, "The best is the cheapest," and that, coupled with the fact that he was the most brilliant advertiser of his time, made his fortune. The genius of the man was disclosed in a success that he made the "good will" of his periodical worth more than a million.

Bonner was not a pioneer. Some years before his time there were some literary publications—weekly and illustrated—in Boston. The proprietor was a man named Gleason, and one of them was called "The Line of Battle Ship," a rather good name for the sort of paper it was. Another was "Gleason's Pictorial." No doubt there are garrets in many American farmhouses in which are stowed away copies of these publications. Ben Perley Poore was a voluminous contributor to them, and my recollection is that his novels were in the main historical—that is, he wrote mainly romance, the scenes of which were laid during our war for independence. His heroes were American patriots of the Continental army and his villains were ruffians of the British army. They were not up to "Henry Esmond," or "The Tale of the Two Cities," but they were good, patriotic reading, and some bloody fighting, in nearly all of which we helped the British and Tories.

Poore was a Washington correspondent the last 20 years of his life, representative of the Boston "Journal," as I now recollect. He was the dean of the press gallery when Gibson Ramsdell, McCulloch, Platt, Redfield, Buell and their splendid set gave a vigor, style, strength and finish to newspaperdom that is the despair of the cloth of to-day.

No doubt Bonner got the idea that conceived the "Ledger" from Gleason's publications, and he made the venture a success by means of the most extensive and the most attractive advertising that had theretofore been practiced. He caused the "Ledger" to be known in every community, and made it a welcome visitor in tens of thousands of households. He made millions out of it, and though he was perhaps the most daring, and certainly the most brilliant advertiser of his time, the "Ledger" never contained a line of advertising other than the simple announcement of its terms to subscribers. Every other line of it was pure reading matter.

It was about 1853 that "The Hidden Hand" was first printed in the "Ledger." It was Mrs. Southworth's greatest novel, and so popular did it become that Bonner ran it as a serial in the "Ledger" several times, at intervals of two or three years. What man or woman of three score to-day does not remember how popular it was, and what a run it had? What neighborhood of the Atlantic slope or the Mississippi valley is without a blooming matron christened "Capitola" some 40 years ago, in compliment to Mrs. Southworth, and in admiration of and affection for her dashing heroine? There was Maj. Ira Wardfield, "Old Hurricane," a fine type of the old Virginia cavalier, a greater and a better "Reverend of the Penk," a delicious Baron Bradwardine brought down to 1845 from 1745. There was "Mrs. Conditment," his housekeeper—was there ever happier name for such a station?—who knew what a good breakfast was and how to have it prepared and served. There was "Wool," "Old Hurricane's" colored body servant, typical of a class we shall look upon no more forever, and "Pitapat," "Capitola's" colored maid, also typical of a class to form whom is as much a lost art as the forging of the Damascus blade. There was "Herbert Grayson," a right down good fellow and dashing soldier, but scarce good enough for "Capitola Black," though she married him. There were "Mrs. Rock" and "Travis Rock," her son, and "Col. Le Noir"—all of these the warp

and woof of this charming narrative. And there, too, was "Black Donald," most formidable and interesting of outlaws—an American Robin Hood and Jack Shepherd in one, the robber in colleague with "Le Noir," the villain of the story. Nor should the delightful Hamlet to Tiptop, the scene of the narrative, be forgotten. There are 10,000 men and women who would enjoy a stroll through its high street and its precincts.

"The Hidden Hand" was dramatized and played in every town in the country that had a theater. It was immensely popular and no doubt made several fortunes for Mr. Bonner. Mrs. Southworth was not a novelist of the first class—far from it—but be sure you will never, as man, enjoy Fielding or Goldsmith or Scott or Dumas or Thackeray or Dickens unless, as boy, you enjoyed the "Hidden Hand" or "Ishmael" or "The Doom of Deville" or "The Curse of Clifton" or "Rose Elmer" and the rest of them.

Cold Comfort For Democrats.

At the present writing the indications are that the Republican majority in Vermont will be about 30,000. This is fully up to the average of the majorities obtained in the years in which the Republicans have been successful in electing their candidate for President. It does not want any inference that the sentiment of the Northeast has undergone any revolutionary change on account of the return of the Democratic party to sound doctrine on the money question. On the other hand, the fuller returns from Arkansas show a falling off of the Democratic vote in that State, which is hardly to be accounted for wholly by local disaffection. It is probable that the so-called "radicals" who were disappointed at the National convention and whom Mr. Bryan claimed to represent have expressed their disappointment and resentment by staying at home. That would be likely to lead, in November, to their voting the Populist ticket.—New York Times (Dem.)

UNIVERSITY MEN FIGHT.

Five-Hour Battle Takes Place Between Freshmen and Sophomores at Purdue.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 10.—Purdue University, at Lafayette, opened the fall term Wednesday, and it was signalized by a battle between freshmen and sophomores which began at 9 o'clock last night and lasted until 2 o'clock Thursday morning. Three of the freshmen were discovered painting their class numerals on the water tank near the university, and a crowd of sophomores attacked them and drove them away. Other freshmen came to the rescue, and the sophomores were dispersed. Reinforcements were received and the attack renewed, and thus the struggle continued for several hours. The freshmen were finally outnumbered, bound hand and foot and left on the campus till morning.

Frederick Smith, a freshman, was badly injured by being thrown from the tank to the ground. His head was cut and his body severely bruised.

Had the President All Right.

The Pinkville Debating Society was in regular session, and G. Watkins Spurling was making an earnest plea on the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, That man's every act is the result of a selfish motive."

"I go further than that, Mr. President," he said. "About three-fourths of the things a man does is because he's envious of what somebody else does. The pin-headed speaker that had the floor last on the other side lied like a pirate when he said—"

Here the president of the society tapped on the desk.

"The gentleman must not use such language as that," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because it isn't parliamentary."

"It may not be parliamentary, Mr. President," vociferated G. Watkins Spurling, loosening his collar and rolling up his sleeves, "but by gum, it's Congressional!"—Chicago Tribune.

LIVES WITH BROKEN NECK.

L. W. Ransbotham Able to Talk With His Relatives.

WESTFIELD, Mass., Sept. 10.—With a broken neck, but in full possession of his mental faculties, L. W. Ransbotham, of West Springfield, president of the Ransbotham & Tower Coal Company, is still alive.

While he was painting on his farm in West Springfield on Monday a portion of the staging gave way and Mr. Ransbotham fell, breaking his neck. He is able to talk to his relatives, but medical experts say he can live only a few days.

Table Furniture at Fairmont Furniture Co.

Hats, Shirts, Collars and Ties at C. B. Highland's.

As comfortable as the proverbial gloves—Dorothy Dodd Shoes for women. C. B. Highland.

"HE'S ALL RIGHT."

What's the matter with Roosevelt? He's all right! That's the verdict of the people of the country o'er to-night. From Maine to California they've taken up the fight For Roosevelt and good government. He's all right!

In his battle for the people he early found his place.

Hating wrong, he found corruption where'er it showed its face. He's thoroughly American, you can trust him out of sight.

So what's the matter with Roosevelt? He's all right!

Of Roosevelt and prosperity the nation's had three years.

With him to guide the ship of state the farmers have no fears.

They want no more experiments, they've come to see the light.

So what's the matter with Roosevelt? He's all right!

In his honesty of purpose there's not the slightest doubt:

With a lasting object lesson the canal ring found it out;

To safeguard the people's interest he made a winning fight.

So what's the matter with Roosevelt? He's all right!

We've enlisted for the contest, it's a battle for the right.

And we have a standard bearer never known to shirk a fight.

He's been tried and not found wanting, and the people in their might

Will elect him in November. He's all right!

JOHN ADDISON GILBERT.

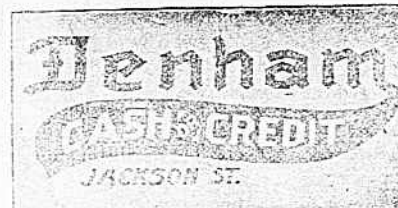
Guthrie, Okla.

I have some good lots in two squares of Court-house for sale at \$375.00. H. H. Lanham.

Thousands, five cent tablets. Burdette's.

Best line composition books, pencils, etc. Burdette's.

School supplies. Burdette's.



FAIRMONT, W. VA.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

Very Low Rate Sunday Excursion Tickets On Sale May 15.

Effective May 15 and continuing every Sunday thereafter until further notice, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will place on sale excursion tickets between stations of Wheeling and Grafton, good going East bound on regular train No. 72, leaving Fairmont at 10:52 A. M., and returning on regular trains No. 71-55, leaving Grafton 12:40 noon, and 6:50 P. M.; and good going West bound on regular train No. 5, leaving Fairmont at 7:47 A. M., and returning on regular train No. 4, leaving Wheeling at 5:00 P. M. For tickets and full information, call on ticket agent.

T. B. HENDERSON.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

Cheap Excursions to the St. Louis World's Fair Every Wednesday In August, September and October—Only \$13.00 Round Trip From Fairmont.

Tickets will be good going in coaches only on specified trains. Returning, tickets will be good in coaches only on all regular trains, leaving St. Louis not later than ten days, including date of sale.

Call on ticket agent for time of train and full information.

BRYAN'S VIEW OF PLATFORM.

"I shall not misrepresent the situation, or appeal for votes for the ticket upon false grounds. A Democratic victory will mean VERY LITTLE, IF ANY, PROGRESS on economic questions so long as the party is under the control of the Wall Street element. * * * The LABOR PLANK as prepared by Judge Parker's friends on the sub-committee was a straddling, meaningless plank. * * * The nomination of Judge Parker VIRTUALLY NULLIFIES THE ANTI-TRUST PLANK."—William Jennings Bryan, in "The Commonwealth," July 13, 1904.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

Grand Excursion to Mountain Lake Park, August 9th, From Fairmont—Very Low Rates For the Round Trip.

Tickets good on day of issue only. Get information from ticket agent.



THAT DELIGHTFUL FLAVOR

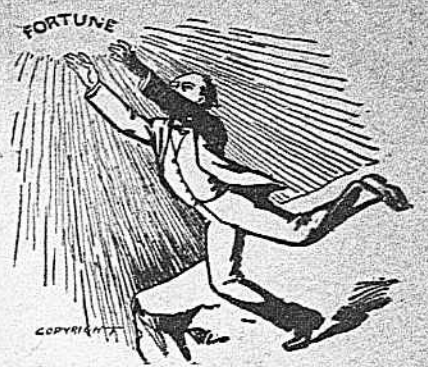
given by the juices of luscious fruits, ripe and fresh, makes Jim Martin's soda so popular. The fact that all these syrups are absolutely pure appeals to everyone's good sense who values health. The water used is pure also, and there is no Summer beverage so wholesome and delicious. Try a glass of soda with his delicious ice cream at the

SOUTH SIDE PHARMACY.

NOTICE

If you see a nice looking couple driving around with a good stylish horse, elegant harness, nobby run-a-bout, carriage or trap, with nice clean robes, and everything to match, you can wager ten to one it was hired from the Jackson Livery Barn, as we put out only that kind. FRED S. JACKSON, Manager. Open day and night.

Hats, caps, shirts, collars and ties. C. B. Highland.



The Will O' The Wisp of Wealth Is not caught by careless chasing, but by ceaseless saving. In plain words, put your dollars into this bank and you'll have your own year hence with four (4) per cent interest added. Multiply that by dollars and the years and you will find what you own a decade hence. It's as plain as A B C when you bring your first dollar here. Bring it.

CITIZENS' DOLLAR SAVINGS BANK.

JOSEPH SCHUSTER,

Contractor for Cement Sidewalks, Cellar Floors, Yards, Retaining Walls and Steps. Stable Floors and Cellars made water tight, a specialty.

Residence—Spence street, near Maple avenue. F. & M. Phone, 524. P. O. Box, 476. Fairmont, W. Va.

I have some good bargains on Fairmont avenue. Call and see me. R. H. Lanham.

"A delight to both the fastidious and fashionable woman." Dorothy Dodd shoes. C. B. Highland.

W. S. THOMAS, TRANSFER.

Hauling of all kinds. Moving household goods and pianos a specialty.

Residence, 319 Merchant street. Office on Parks avenue, next to Skinner's Tavern, Fairmont, W. Va. Bell Phone—Residence, 340; Office, 8. Consolidated Phone—Residence, 70; Office, 100.

THE FAIRMONT WEST VIRGINIAN CLAIMS THE Following Points Of EXCELLENCE!

1. Its constant aim is to be Reliable and Trustworthy.
2. It doesn't go much on rumors; it prefers Facts.
3. It classifies its reading matter with care.
4. It deals fairly with its patrons; treating all alike.
5. It has a full leased wire telegraphic service.
6. It gives more home news than any other paper in Marion county.
7. It puts the news in a readable, interesting and entertaining manner.
8. It furnishes well-selected reading matter for all members of the family.
9. It is a "Booster," not a "Knocker"; it doesn't welcome a panic, nor does it expect one soon.
10. It is REPUBLICAN in politics, and is not afraid or ashamed to say so.

11. It has an Editorial Page full of timely discussions and pleasantries.
12. It is considerate of the feelings of people and endeavors to be fair at all times.

If you are not a subscriber, become one to-day.

TERMS: Ten cents per week. Forty cents per month. \$1.00 for three months. \$4.00 for a year.

Delivered by carriers to all parts of the city.